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No. 133.

## ANECDOTES FOR OUR SOLDIERS.

No. 3.

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A GENERAL ORDER FROM "STONEWALL."—The following order was issued by Gen. Jackson, relating to the recent gallant exploits of his army :

HEAD-QUARTERS, V. D.,  
Winchester, May 26, 1862.

Within four weeks this army has made long and rapid marches, fought six combats and two battles, signally defeating the enemy in each one, captured several stands of colors and pieces of artillery, with numerous prisoners and vast medical, ordnance, and army stores, and finally driven the boastful host, which was ravaging our beautiful country, into utter rout. The general commanding would warmly express to the officers and men under his command his joy in their achievements, and his thanks for their brilliant gallantry in action, and their patient obedience under the hardships of forced marches, often more painful to the brave soldier than the dangers of battle. The explanation of the severe exertions to which the commanding general called the army, which were endured by them with such cheerful confidence in him, is now given in the victory of yesterday. He receives this proof of their confidence in the past with pride and gratitude, and asks only a similar confidence in the future. But his chief

duty to-day, and that of the army, is to recognize devoutly the hand of a protecting Providence in the brilliant successes of the last three days, which have given us the results of a great victory without great losses, and to make the oblation of our thanks to God for His mercies to us and our country in heartfelt acts of religious worship. For this purpose the troops will remain in camp to-day, suspending, as far as practicable, all military exercises, and the chaplains of regiments will hold divine service in their several charges at four o'clock, p. m., to-day.

By order of Major-General Jackson.

R. L. DABNEY,  
Assistant Adjutant-General.

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CAMP NOTES.—Though I cannot rival the graphic pen of "Ecclesiastes," I propose to give you one or two items corrective of and additional to his interesting sketch of Stonewall Jackson. The hero is not six feet by an inch and a half, and must lack from thirty to forty pounds of the one hundred and eighty given him by "Ecclesiastes." He dresses in very plain gray, including a cap of the same color. He rides generally a sorrel horse of not specially fine appearance, but of great endurance, and is always pacing at a rapid gait. He passes you with an absent look, and you think he will not even see you, but as he is nearly gone you are surprised to receive the courteous military salute. His lips are thin, and always closely compressed. He does not impress one as possessing social qualities, and he is declared to be the most taciturn man in the world.

In the late march to Richmond, no one knew our des-

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tination. In reply to the remark of some one wishing to know, one of Jackson's men said: "I don't know, and I don't want to know—'Old Jack' knows." It was a beautiful instance of faith in a commander, and an equally beautiful illustration of the faith which we are all called on to repose in "the Captain of our salvation."

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THE CHRISTIAN WARRIOR.—Gen. JACKSON telegraphed to Richmond, on the 10th instant, from Staunton, the following brief but expressive message: "GOD HAS GRANTED US A GREAT VICTORY!" This reminds us of the beginning of Commodore McDONOUGH's despatch, on gaining the battle of Lake Champlain, in the war of 1812: "It has pleased the Almighty," etc.

VALLEY DISTRICT, May 9, 1862,  
via Staunton, May 10.

To Gen. S. Cooper, Adjutant-General:

God blessed our arms with a victory at McDowell's on yesterday.

(Signed) T. J. JACKSON, Major-General.

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"STONEWALL."—Some discussion has recently taken place in the Yankee journals as to the origin of the sobriquet of "Stonewall," which General Thomas J. Jackson has rendered so illustrious. The incident which conferred this honorable title on General Jackson was first given to the public in a Richmond letter to the *Mercury*, which appeared soon after the battle of Manassas. We reproduce the passage referred to:

The remains of General Bernard E. Bee leave here

to-morrow for Charleston. The name of this officer deserves a place in the highest niche of fame. He displayed a gallantry that scarcely has a parallel in history. The brunt of the morning's battle was sustained by his command until past two o'clock. Overwhelmed by superior numbers, and compelled to yield before a fire that swept everything before it, General Bee rode up and down his lines, encouraging his troops, by everything that was dear to them, to stand up and repel the tide which threatened them with destruction. At last his own brigade dwindled to a mere handful, with every field officer killed or disabled. He rode up to General Jackson and said, "General, they are beating us back."

The reply was: "Sir, we'll give them the bayonet."

General Bee immediately rallied the remnant of his brigade, and his last words to them were: "*There is Jackson, standing like a stone wall.* Let us determine to die here, and we will conquer. Follow me!"

His men obeyed the call; and at the head of his column, the very moment when the battle was turning in our favor, he fell mortally wounded. General Beauregard was heard to say he had never seen such gallantry. He never murmured at his suffering, but seemed to be consoled by the reflection that he was doing his duty.

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"**WORDS OF JESUS.**"—It lay neglected in a corner of the tent—the little book, with its lowly, yet lofty title, all unheeded by the careless group who crowded around, sent by some loving mother, or sister, or wife, with an earnest prayer that it might lead their loved ones to think of Him who, though "He be not far from every one of us," is too often forgotten in this sinful world—it lay awaiting his mission.

The messmates were mostly young; but a few had attained the meridian of life, and some had begun to wear the look of years. Several were (or professed to be) Christians; but amid the din of war and temptations of the camp their religion seemed almost forgotten, or laid aside for a more convenient season. Cards were the usual pastime; and Christian and worldling alike seemed to find more of interest in them than in the weightier matters of "righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come." But this afternoon even they were laid aside, and there was a feeling of *ennui* and sadness creeping o'er all the party.

Finally, one of the group, a noble-hearted man, though one who did not always remember to walk worthy of his high vocation, glanced at the little volume, and took it up carelessly to while away the time. The title was simple, but it grated harshly on his ear: "Words of Jesus." Ah! who amid the tumult of war, the confusion of the camp, and, in quieter hours, the thoughts of home, could stop to meditate of Him who was "meek and lowly of heart," the heavenly Friend, who "bare our transgressions and received our chastisements?" But the Spirit blessed the book, as unthinkingly he proposed reading aloud "for the sake of something new," as was lightly said. And so the reading commenced, at first carelessly, but with gradually increasing interest, until they heard gladly of Jesus of Nazareth, the Saviour of sinners. And as they heard of His weary life on earth, His loneliness, His sorrow and suffering for sinful men, they forgot themselves awhile to look to Him, the Author of eternal life. "Words of Jesus." What rest and security they breathed, how they pointed to the blissful haven above, to the home made ready, the "house not made with hands, eternal in the heav-

ens," and how trivial and unworthy seemed the life below: the strife of men, the struggle for power, the bitter envyings and anger of human hearts. Over them all there came a change, and for that evening at least they were wiser and better men. With their softened feelings came, too, remembrances not only of the tender love of dear ones at home, but their earnest prayers for them, and they felt that, like other blessings with which their lives were crowned, of them they were all unworthy.

"Well, Charlie," spoke up one of the hearers, when the book was laid aside, and with a voice which would be husky despite the light tone, "that was first-rate, better than cards, don't you think?" "Yes, indeed," was the fervent reply, "I believe some good angel placed the book there; it seems a message sent to draw us again into the path of duty and true happiness from which we were so sadly straying, and for one I am truly thankful for the gentle reproof, the timely warning, as well as the blessed hope it gives for a bright eternity we may some day enjoy. It may be soon."

My readers, does not this show that we may be at least instruments in doing good by sending Bibles and tracts to our soldiers?

Dear soldiers of our Confederate States, periling your lives, and, far more, your souls for the sake of honor and home; oh! that we could persuade you to pause awhile each day and think of eternity, of the joy or woe that word contains for you. We beseech you to abstain from the profane word, the drink which, if it fails to intoxicate, still deadens the mind and heart to all that is noble, pure, and good, to cease the evil-breeding practice of card playing, and to lift yourselves to the standard of true gentlemen. Study the Bible; and though

at first you may not see its beauty and preciousness, yet with prayer they will come ; and if it be your lot to be of the number for whom we are called to mourn, may we feel the comfort of that cheering verse, " Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord, for they rest from their labors, and their works do follow them."

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**AN INCIDENT OF THE WAR.**—The contest in which our country is now engaged has afforded many instances of remarkable Providential preservation. One has recently transpired in which the writer feels a special interest. A few years ago it was his privilege, as a Sabbath-school teacher, to instruct a young man whose history was such as to excite a lively concern for his spiritual welfare. Though raised under the most immoral influences at home, yet by Divine grace, thus wonderfully imparted to an unbeliever, he had in a great measure resisted these influences, and was a very moral and correct young man. But of course he had little knowledge of religious truth, seldom saw, perhaps never read the Bible. An opportunity, however, being offered, though he had reached manhood, he connected himself with the Sabbath-school, and was a most diligent and faithful pupil. Indeed, the writer, who taught him for many months, has never known his equal. As a reward for his good conduct, and a token of the deep interest which he felt in him, his teacher presented him a pocket Bible.

About a year ago he felt it to be his duty to join the army. Though still not a professor of religion, his Bible was not forgotten, and, from the report of his comrades, we learn was regularly used in camp. And it is

truly pleasing to know that the same fortitude which had been manifested in early life, was now exhibited in resisting the demoralizing influences of army life. Through several very narrow escapes has he been brought by the unseen Hand which has so long sustained him. But the incident alluded to occurred in the fight at Williamsburg, which was his first experience of a regular battle. Even on the battle-field he was not without his Bible. It occupied its accustomed place in the breast-pocket of his overcoat, *near the heart*. A Minie ball from the enemy was sent at him. It bore almost exactly in the direction of his heart. It entered the coat, but the Bible was there to receive it. It penetrated the book about one-third of its thickness, stopping at, and thus designating the *6th chapter of 2d Kings*, but, unable to overcome the resistance, glanced out, badly mutilating the Bible, but leaving the owner unhurt.

May not this interesting little incident of God's special providence serve as an encouragement to all Sabbath-school scholars? Doubtless many young men in the army, like the one above alluded to, have received many useful lessons in the Sabbath-school. Let them learn from this to value their Bibles, and to leave them behind not even when they go into battle.

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